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JOURNAL

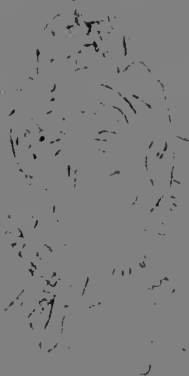


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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Hello everybody, long time
no see - too long in fact for I've
not had the opportunity nor time to visit with you via
NORTHERN JUNKET since last March.

Thanks to all of the
loyal subscribers, most of whom knew that I was out of
the country, for not beseiging me with letters asking
how come no Junket? There were only four such, and one
of those was from a new subscriber in England.

This is-
sue is the annual "Camp Issue". Beginning with next
month I'll run a series of articles telling about our
Japanese trip last April and May.

And that reminds me;
please read the pages in this issue telling you about
the Japanese-American Scholarship Fund set up to bring
worthy Japanese dancers to this country to study and
attend dance camps and school. We hope to raise enough
over the winter so that the start can be next spring
or summer. A good start has been made already and let
us keep it going all through the coming dancing months.

Sincerely

Ralph

A



LITTLE O'THIS AND A LOT O'THAT

by ED MOODY

Just before the untimely death of Shannon Keyes - at whose funeral such well-known faces as those of Louise Winston, Ted Sannella and Grace Felker were missing - we had a long set-together at a caller's meeting. During the "Discussions for the good of dancing" one authority asked the question "What is the proper way to balance?" From several places in the hall, with Shannon's being the loudest, the murmur was heard "Here we go again" as there are over fifty correct ways of balancing. However, before any argument could start, the questioner, in the usual manner of an unexpert, proceeded to answer his own question by asking another question - and incorrectly at that!

While this was going on Shannon whispered in my ear that all we needed now was for somebody to get going on tradition to complete the turmoil. This was a subject which we had often talked over and so I will now raise the question "What is tradition?" and then proceed in the accepted way of smart alocks and non-experts to answer my own question, including some of Shannon's thoughts on the matter.

Tradition, like a man in a tall silk hat in snow-ball season, has been sneaked up on from all sides.

If today we were to dance traditionally we would be doing plain quadrilles, visiting couple dances and

such contras as the British Grenadiers or the Opera Reel where one half or more of the dancers stood still a lot of the time - and this would be necessary for two reasons, first, we would be dressed in clothes that hampered our every movement, from the boots clear up to the collar, and second, no fiddler prompter, could outshout his music and continually move four couples simultaneously, over the noise of sixteen shuffling booted feet per set.

Every dancer over six years old knew by heart the standard opener, break and closer, viz: Honor your partner - your corner - circle left - circle right - allemande left - grand right and left - meet your partner and promenade home. They did it automatically in time to the music without a recognizable call. And what's more, in some localities of New England they still do it, regardless of what the present-day caller commands. Outside callers coming into those areas stand in amazement as the dancers proceed on their own



wondering if their p.a. system is saying words they didn't say into the microphone. But to get back to tradition, when the sixteen feet per set stopped shuffling and with four more counts thrown in for good measure to let the stragglers settle down, the fiddler-prompter could make himself heard, so moved one couple at a time, or prompted a contra where the ladies with the high buttoned shoes and whale bone stays could rest up periodically. This would be a pretty dull bus-

iness if we tried it today wouldn't it? If that's the tradition some of the long hairs are shouting about and want us to stick to, let them use it in their own localities and they will complete the murder of square dancing in that locality and fast!

This world of ours has changed and America has changed it. Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, words in one of the greatest documents ever written, brought to our land people from all parts of the universe, and the ones who broke their home ties and came, were the ones with courage and ideas which they couldn't have used in the old country because of tradition. They have quickened our pace of thinking; they have quickened our pace of life; they have quickened our pace of communication; they have quickened our pace of playing; thus, people with six to eight pounds less of clothes bearing them down wish to quicken the pace of their dancing. Do not misunderstand - they have found that they do not want to dance faster; they have found that they want to dance more.

Unfortunately, some of our dancing masters were a queer lot, living in a world of their own, and they



COMPLETELY ignored this change that gathered momentum in the late 1800's and made itself felt in square dancing with the introduction of the public address systems about 1938. Then a caller could, by turning one little button, make himself heard over the shuffling feet of those sixteen feet per set, no longer shod in boots, but in soft shoes. The old fellers screamed bloody murder, and yelled TRADITION, TRADITION, TRADI-

TION! and then by their own acts, knocked the props out from under the word. They found that if they wanted to eat regular they had to call some of their old patterns to up-to-date tunes, to which some other smarter caller had fitted them. Furthermore - they found that they had to double up on the movements of the dancers, and to make a dance last long enough to introduce another good old pattern into the dance as a break or ending. So here they were feeding the public what it wanted so that they in turn wouldn't starve to death, still screaming about tradition and still violating it as it is defined in the dictionary. How did they salve their Puritanical conscience on that one?



Setting old patterns to new tunes has been done many times in the past, and combining two or even three old patterns with proper choreography and setting them to a familiar tune, so that each part fits in its place, resulting in a comfortable dance, has been done many times too, and those dances will live. Today many of them are termed traditional, though the wedding of the tune and the pattern may have occurred less than a dozen years ago. To cite a few: Ed Durlacher popularized My Little Girl; Lawrence Loy tied Four Leaf Clover to the Spanish Cavalier; Floyd Woodhull made famous The Wearing of the Green; Ralph Page spread the good word about what is now nationally known as Nellie Gray; and Red River Valley in some form or other is accepted all over the country. The patter danced to Golden Slippers became associated to that tune less than twenty-five years ago. Out of the barrels of trash that gets onto wax each year, generally badly choreographed and done to ear-splitting tunes, one or two will, like good cream, rise to the top and become permanent additions to the repertoire of good

Dancers breaking in today will learn them. About three years from now, when these dancers become the experts and another generation of square dancers will be breaking in, these old experts will be condescendingly showing the new generation how to do these traditional dances.

Poor "Tradition"! What a booting around he is getting. Why don't we bury the word "tradition" with all due reverence, and adopt a new phrase to describe good dancing? Can't some of the bright boys come up with the right word?

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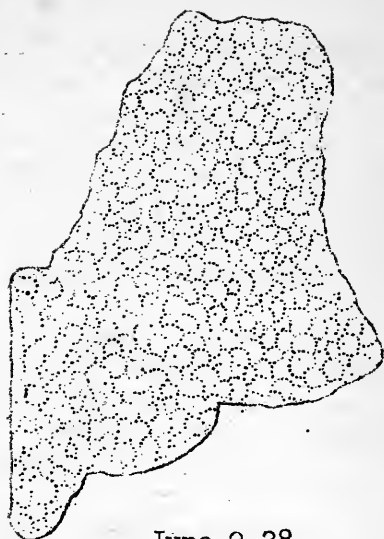
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MAINE FOLK DANCE CAMP



June 9-28

Three sessions were held this year to meet the constantly growing demand of more and more campers. As in the past we gathered at the Wigginton's Pioneer Camps in Bridgton and for three happy weeks the hills echoed with Doudlebska Polka, Raksi Jaak, Drmes, as well as dozens of traditional squares and contras.

Despite the foulness of the opening day weather, eager folk dancers emigrating from such far-flung places as Brooklyn, Colorado, Oregon, Quebec and Cuba, closed in upon Bridgton to initiate the 11th annual Maine Folk Dance Camp.

The largest contingent came (not from New York City, believe it or not) from the Province of Quebec, headed by Michel Cartier of Longueuil, P.Q. Together with half a dozen compatriots from New Brunswick it was not long before French-Canadian became our second language. Such energy as these young people had must be seen to be even half believed. Michel was sort of unofficially on the staff and his Valse Lanciers was a big hit with everyone.

Party Coordinator, Ted Sannella, on leave from the U.S. Army, not only promised a gay time for all at

every party, but lived up to his words. Beginning with an opening night theme "Chase Away the Rain", we moved on to a "Mountaineer Party", "Huskin' Bee", "Brid-e-y Murphy, Come As You Were", "French-Canadian" and a "Balkan Harvest Festival". Our intrepid band of camp-ers felt right at home in every one of the party set-tings, and it would be wrong to point to any one party in particular and say it was the best - they were all good.

An event long to be remembered in the annals of Maine Folk Dance Camp was an utterly unscheduled and unrehearsed number that tore the camp apart early one morning, and we quote from the pages of the Pioneer Press, v7, n5 of the issue of June 13th:

"One of those mass hysterias that afflicted the world so often in the Middle Ages - resulting in such familiar madness as St Vitus Dance - struck Maine Folk Dance Camp like a plague this morning.

"This one had the name of "Bird Watching". Just



how it got started is still a deep mystery but it had something to do with a discussion as to whether or not there'd be a "binge night". M. LePage was enjoying his post-prandial cigar following a delightful French-Canadian supper, when Mary Ann asked what might be a good way to pass the early morning hours. Some brave soul with blarney on his tongue and mayhem in his heart suggested that the entire camp might enjoy a bird walk. Not knowing what the name implied, everyone in true folk dance camp spirit was agreeable. Then, to M. LePage's horror, he heard Mary Ann saying in strident tones that the bird walk would be led by him! To say

that M. LePage could have been knocked over with the proverbial feather would be the understatement of the year.

"Our Ralph is civil to birds; has even been known to yield the right of way to a low-flying eagle. But his aversion, his horror of early rising is known from Florida to Japan. But our Ralph is nothing if not a good soldier. So, the conch horn blew at the appointed hour - possibly even a little earlier. Then, M. LePage being a man of good sense beat an immediate retreat to the downy. And that's just where a committee of irate campers found him an hour later.

"It took a bit of persuasion on their part, and the muscles of six of the male committee members who lifted M. LePage bodily, mattress and all, to get our hero out of the cabin. During the melee the stovepipe was knocked down, chairs over-turned, and the table sprained, but he went out. A bit of exposure to the morning atmosphere, clad only in his gaily spotted shorts, convinced LePage that he should lead the tour.



"A few minutes later the trusty band set out with M. LeP. at their head. In the party were Mary Ann Herman, Eleanor Boyer, Ralph & Maud Smith, Connie Taylor, Henry Iash, Dick Crum, Olga Meyer, and sundry others, among them your reluctant editor who was persuaded by a resounding thwack on the exposed behind as he lay sleeping, administered by room-mate LeP. - the dog!

"Large part of the blame must be put upon the brow of Dick Crum, who conceived the idea of forming a Maine covey of the Ornithological Observation Guild - Oogs to you - the night before. Conspiring in this foul project was Mary Tymkowych and Bill and Mary Frances Bunning.

"Tis rumored the birdwatchers saw many unusual specimens, among them a Yellowbellied sapsucker, a psychotic merganser - he'd quacked up - a frenzied fleebee, a low-flying gashawk, and a crested flyerfie.

"Next meeting of the O.O.G. will be held February 29th. M. LePage threatens to brain anyone who invites him to lead the march."

But don't get the idea it was all horse-play. Far from it. We danced, and how we danced! The staff saw to that. And now is a good time to name names: Michael & Mary Ann Herman taught Folk Dances of many lands; Dick Crum, Balkan dances; Michel Cartier, French-Canadian sets; Ralph Page, New England squares & contras; Erma Weir, helped callers through their paces; Walter & Miriam Grothe, Austrian dances; Bill & Mary Frances Bunning had charge of crafts; and Harold & Grace Newman, instructed us in how to make music on a recorder. There will be few dissenting voices raised at our statement that Doudlebska Polka and Raksi Jaak were the most popular dances in camp, especially the first named and we never did it less than twice at any party. Drmes from Zdencina belongs in this number of well-liked dances too, but it is so vigorous that only the most hardy could do it completely through more than once and enjoy the next dance.

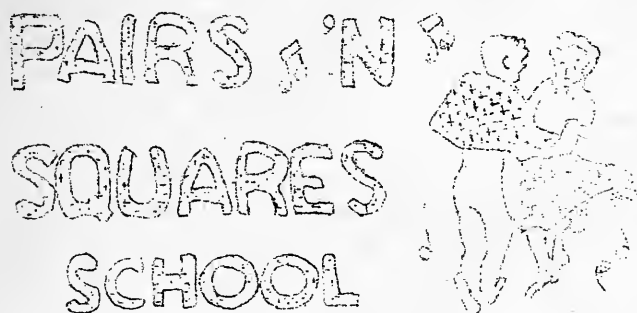
The now traditional auctions the last evening of each session swelled our scholarship fund better than \$500.00. Some of this, if not all, we were told, will go toward a scholarship fund now being raised to bring Japanese folk dancers to America.

How could we go this far and not mention the meals and the grand folks who prepared them? Henry Lash, Ragnild Olson and June Griffin cooked up the most scrumptious of meals. They were equally at home in any country - even New England, and their blueberry and rhubarb pies stirred up for our cook-out dinners were something to make you leave home for. No less a pie conneisseur than Ralph Page declared emphatically, that their rhubarb pies were the best he ever ate -

and we believe it too, for we were sitting directly across the table from him and the look in his eyes as he savored each mouthful was one of utter bliss.

The camp's first hero? Chet Case, for being the first to go swimming - a quick dip you understand; still it was voluntary and he got wet all over! Next in line for valor far beyond the call of duty must go to Henry Lash and Mary Wilde, for following the "Chase Away the Rain" party, the water disappeared completely from the farmhouse - nothing but pitiful gasps and dry, plaintive hiccoughs emerged from the pipes - Henry and Mary rode to the rescue, filled milk cans with aqua, and carted them up to the beleaguered occupants, gaining thereby the undying gratitude of every French-Canadian girl staying in the house.

We will close with paying tribute to genial Ed Moose and his terrific decorations in the dining hall for the nationality meals.



June 29th - July 7th

Last year we sweltered in "unusual" heat and we were only too glad to spend equal time in the refreshing waters of Lake Couchiching as in dancing. This season everything was reversed temperature-wise and it was certainly far better dancing weather than before.

Our staff this year included Director Harold Harton,; Don & Marie Armstrong; Bill Castner; Ralph Page;

Erma Weir and the Frank Hamiltons. This group gave us a varied and high standard performance which ran the gamut from the latest rounds and squares to play-party games, contras and folk songs.

Dominion Day came and went without celebration of any kind, not even a "God Save the Queen" which seemed rather odd to some of the Americans, so they determined to remedy matters when the 4th of July rolled around. Firecrackers were obtained down in Orillia and the sun was barely over the horizon when the dwellers in the "Wigwam" were rudely awakened by exploding packages of flash crackers. Even Bill Castner, a notorious late riser decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and after the second pack of fireworks went



off under his bed, he arose with some degree of alacrity! An improvised stars and stripes was lashed to a broomstick and with "Shorty" Armstrong and his accordion in the lead all the Americans marched to breakfast to the sprightly tune of Yankee Doodle. We mystified our Canadian friends all day with our password "One if by land; two if by sea", and we haven't told them yet what we meant by it. Well, it was all in fun and most appreciated by everyone, and we wouldn't want to lay much of a wager that we miss celebrating Dominion Day in '57.

Due to commitments at Maine Camp, Ralph was a day late in arriving and was greeted in friendly fashion by being wheelbarrowed into the dance hall, covered with flowers, and to the tune of "The Death March from Saul", played by Harold Harton and Shorty Armstrong. Yes, we had fun at Pairs 'n Squares.

Judging from the manner in which the campers did the contras, we suspect that they had been dancing at least a few of them during the year since last camp.

Certainly they were even better liked than before and a sure way to have full participation at the evening parties was to announce a contra and the floor would be filled immediately.

One of the evening parties was a Frontier Cotillion, complete with dance programs, costumes and the full treatment that such an occasion demanded. Much to



everyone's amazement the complete program was danced and the evening ended right on schedule to the minute. It is to be hoped that similar party themes find their way into the evening programs another year; there's nothing like a party to make a camp feel like a unit instead of a mass of individuals. Admittedly the party idea can be overdone, but it has always seemed to us that it was far better to overdo parties than not to have any at all.

We had some real fine song sessions after the dancing had concluded each night. These were under the direction of Marie Armstrong, and were of very high quality indeed, and proved that these people loved to sing, given any kind of an opportunity. And we must not forget that Grace Wolff of Dayton, Ohio, led a few good numbers too, especially a couple of Pennsylvania Dutch songs.

Folk dances were officially introduced here too, by Erma Weir from Oregon, and while it would be wrong to say that folk dances swept the camp, it is true that they became increasingly popular as camp went on, and tribute should be paid to the high class teaching that Erma produced.

The Hamiltons proved that they are tops in their

part of the dance world, which is the teaching of newly composed round dances. Under their capable direction such dances as Penny Waltz, Wrangler's Two-Step, and Montana Waltz became great favorites.



CALIFORNIA FOLK

July 23 - August 4

DANCE CAMP

They came by car, they came by bus, they came by train, they came by plane; they came from far and near to make this 9th annual folk dance camp the biggest yet. We say that every year, and every year it is so. You have to see it to believe it; better yet, be a part of it.

So far, the first session has always been the smallest in numbers and it is well that that is so as far as the new campers are concerned; they have a chance to get their feet on the ground so to speak, before the mob scene attending second camp reservation is enacted and the loud but cheerful enthusiasm of almost 400 campers and faculty ruptures the chaste surroundings of the college campus. You will pardon us we are sure if we sort of skip around and give you some vignettes of our experiences instead of a dull day by day sort of thing.

The food was super-excellent, if there is such a term, and if there isn't there ought to be. The new dietician from South Dakota became the most popular lady on campus. Dancing consumes a lot of energy and one must have nourishing food to replace it and we got it in plentiful supply, in fact a few replaced more than they used up!



There were at least twenty teen-agers there at second session on scholarship, and for a short while the college officials were in a fine dither, but we're happy to say that no untoward instances developed and it was wonderful to see their enthusiasm and hear high-pitched giggles of happiness; it took our mind off our aging muscles and aching bones, and we hope they return and bring their friends.

The only thing that prevents this place from being a great camp is the over-emphasis of dance and the under-emphasis of crafts and singing. And it seemed to us that too great stress was placed on the big circle type of dance - dances from Yugoslavia, Macedonia, Armenia and Greece - and this is decidedly unhealthy. Too much of a good thing is as bad as not enough.

There were several dance hits in camp and it would take a very wise person to say which was the most popular of them. Included in this list of well-liked dances would be: Drmes from Zdencina, Doudlebska polka, Raksi Jaak, In the Forest, and Spinnradel, and Mateixa D'es Figuerat came up fast at the second session. The music of the last is haunting and hypnotic - it still hums through the mind weeks afterward.- For that reason don't sell this dance short even if it is quite difficult to do well.

Spear-headed by the dynamic young caller from Cincinnati, Jerry Helt, square dances zoomed into popularity as they haven't done for at least five years. Jerry convinced the kolo-maniacs even that square dancing was fun to do. Remember his name, for you'll hear it a lot in the years to come. Talk about hashin' the breaks! Move over chum, you've got company and he's going to be around for a long time. Jerry can do a lot more with a p.a. set and with his voice than has been thought of by over a half dozen callers in the United States.

Contras were as popular as ever, perhaps more so taking the camp as a whole. The advanced contra class was full up to capacity and that was the only contra class we held for the beginners contra class was taken over by Jack McKay. The last day of each session we tried out four dances from Saltator's manuscript, and they proved worthwhile dances to know, being interesting and fun to do. They will certainly be taught here next year and more from the same source and we will be sadly mistaken if a couple of them are not on a par with Sackets Harbor.

Our second class was in New England squares and it was most interesting to note that it followed exactly the pattern that contras took seven years ago. The first session we had one set all of the time, with one or two extra, and at the second session we had two sets all of the time and three or four extras. What pleased us most was the fact that every camper who began each class stayed with it to the end, and better yet, talked about it to all and sundry, and thanks to all those good-will ambassadors we're hoping for bigger and better things another year. Oh yes, we were invited back, hadn't you heard?

There was a big change in the weather too, from the kind we sweltered through last summer. The first three days of the first session it was hot, and when we say hot in the San Joaquin Valley we mean it is HOT! The rest of the time it was delightful and some of the nights during the second week were on the chilly side

and we mustn't cease chattering about California weather without making mention of the fact that the last



night of camp at the outdoor festival in the football stadium it was more than chilly. In fact if we'd had any red flannels with us we'd worn them gladly. You understand of course, chum, it was unusual weather????

The Sunday between camps many of us went by Greyhound bus and car to Murphys for a pleasant interlude from camp life. The absent ones will be pleased to hear that the waters of Murphys Creek are as cool and refreshing as ever. The barbecue this year was cooked by Murphys Hotel and while the steaks were good they could not be compared in any way to those Adolph used to warm up for us. Now don't go to taking offense; the barbecue was excellent, it's just that Adolph is without peer. In the evening we drove up to beautiful Pennsylvania Gulch for dancing. How nice it was to meet again the many friends from Murphys we'd met and danced with there the previous two years.

No dance activity was scheduled during the hours immediately following lunch. Instead we used the time to listen to tapes of folk music, watch movies or colored slides, and once to hear Dick Purvis talk about rhythms of the dance.

Afternoon assembly periods held each afternoon in the air-conditioned auditorium seemed especially good this year, and were set up by George Murton. At each session we had one afternoon to tell of our recent teaching tour of Japan. Dick Purvis too, gave us an af-

ternoon at each session and the whole camp sat entranced as he played the big organ. Dick happens to be one of the best organists in the country as well as being a folk and square dance lover.

Four delightful days of ease and rest after camp with the George Murtons in Redwood City and the Bev Wilders down in Ben Lomond found us flying home completely rested. It sure would be nice to have three or four of the staff in the Wilder's rambling home in the coast redwood country along with us. We could name a few who needed some sleep! There's an attic-full of costumes that would keep you busy for days and a wonderful blackberry patch in the back yard plus a swimming pool, and best of all - complete quiet.

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From Lloyd Frazee, Bassett, Iowa



The School of Community Arts is a lusty nine year old camp, held this summer in the Regional High School at Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia. Most of the people stayed in the school, desks were moved out of many of the classrooms and beds set up dormitory style. Meals were served downstairs in the school cafeteria.

Classes were of an extremely diversified nature and we know of no camp in the world offering such a wide variety of subjects: Drama, Art, Choral Singing, Orchestra, Band, Radio Acting, and Square, Folk and Contra Dancing. This was the first year that a complete program of dance had been offered.

At first we were sceptical about fitting dances into this kind of a program, but our fears were groundless. As a matter of fact some of our evening programs could have been done at no other kind of a camp. For instance, the last night we joined with the drama and choral groups to stage Kurt Weill's folk opera "Down In the Valley", and enjoyed every minute of it.

One hundred sixty-nine people registered for the course and that is a long way from being a small camp. The school opened with a two day Festival of Community Arts which drew over ten thousand people, and that my friends is big league, no matter where it is held.

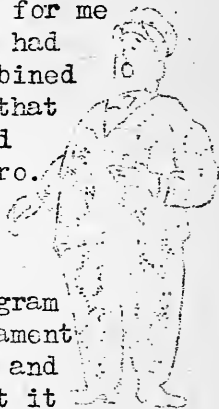
The Sunday flight to Halifax from Boston was one

long to be remembered. For several hours we thought we wouldn't make it. It was a lowery day at Logan Airport and Dave Bridgham of the meteorological room there reported fog over Halifax, but they hoped the fog would lift by noon. Wishful thinking but wonderful for one's peace of mind. We landed at Monckton, N.B. on schedule, and soon after customs inspection took off for Halifax. It grew thicker by the minute and after three hours of flying we finally landed - back in Monckton!

The only person we knew in all of Nova Scotia was the man who got us up there, Maurice Hennegar, and we didn't know his home address. It would do no good wiring him at the Department of Education office, for of course it would not open until the next morning. But looking through the telephone book we took a chance on an address, phoned off a wire telling of our trouble - and consequent later arrival in Halifax via train. The ride was delightful for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are two beautiful parts of the world. There was nothing we could do that we hadn't already done so we settled back to enjoy the long ride after a fine meal in the diner.

After several hours the train pulled in to Truro, and the conductor stuck his head into the car and called: "Anybody in here named Page?" It was for me alright. Two of Hennegar's staff members had done some real shrewd detective work combined with a lot of common sense and reasoned that I would be on that train so had me called and drove me up to Tatamagouche from Truro.

It wasn't quite that simple, for you see on Sunday in Canada they roll up the sidewalks, and as for getting a telegram delivered, it would take an act of Parliament. The message was phoned to Maurice's home and then the housekeeper promptly forgot what it said. The telegraph office could not or would not, tell anyone that there even was one. Another call to Hennegar's home and the housekeeper remembered it saying - "something about somebody on the ground somewhere, and



was coming on by train". It was enough, and it was simply a matter then of putting two and two together, and coming up with the right answer.

We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves at Tatamagouche and we are glad to mention that we have been invited back next summer. We don't know as we would care to live in that climate the year round, but the people of Nova Scotia are among the best on the continent and we learned to love them every one. It would take but very little to make this the outstanding folk camp in either Canada or the United States, and we're positive that that little bit is on the way. Think of it, they have been operating nine years, boasting not a bit, but learning how to run something worthwhile. They have too, and soon the world will know about it.

The dance class gave us a beautiful scarf and tie of the official Nova Scotian tartan and believe us we shall wear both with great pride.

Nobody wanted to leave for home that last night and lingered in the building saying an endless round of goodbyes. We choked with emotion when the group sang for us that grand Scottish song "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?" Need we say that we shall?

In closing we'd like to mention how much we were impressed with Rod Linnell's calling of typical Maritime and New England squares at the afternoon classes. For several years we've known Rod to be one of the finest callers in the country, and we are happy to say, he teaches as well as he calls.

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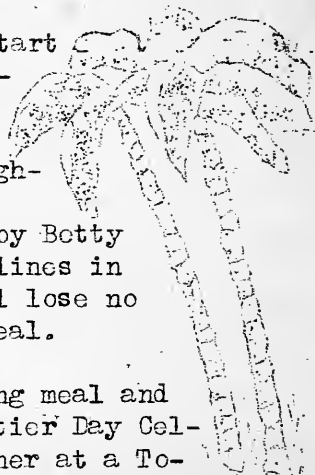


FLORIDA FELLOWSHIP CAMP

Larger than last year's camp, and the weather was cooler so how could we help but have a good time; not that numbers and temperature have anything to do with it. The spirit engendered last year carried over the winter and bloomed afresh for from the very first day it was so evident that this was to be a camp that was going to be talked about during the months ahead. That first afternoon, while many were still registering and finding their sleeping quarters, Don had two sets on the floor to begin his first class at 2:00; within 10 minutes there were four sets and by the time the hour was ended two-thirds of the camp were on the floor and rearing to go. To quote from the daily paper "Fellowship Footnotes": "Don's session was a happy hash of 'Greeting Squares', none of which he can or will name as this paper goes to press".

It literally was a flying start for the evening meal featured Eastern Airlines tickets filled out with each person's name, full fare and routing information and the highlights of the trip ahead. A clever idea indeed originated we believe by Betty McDermid who works for Eastern Airlines in Tampa. And believe us, Eastern will lose no friends nor advertising from the deal.

Stops were made at each evening meal and party, and some of them were: Frontier Day Celebration in Cheyenne, Wyoming; Dinner at a Tokyo Sake House and Oriental Party; Tyrolean



Folk Arts Festival and a Plantation Ball.

Routine of camp life was greatly enlivened by our Deputy Sheriffs, elected each day by all sorts of devious ways and means, usually by outbidding somebody



for the job of collecting fines for the Japanese Scholarship Fund. Our first Sheriff, Tommy Thompson turned honest soon after fining Don for clobbering the calls to Sugarfoot Sal, and was promptly impeached in favor of Bill Tuszynski, Sr. and if ever we saw a man who enjoyed his work it was Sheriff Tuszynski whose agile mind made up laws to fit any occasion. It was a lot of fun, and the scholarship amounted to something around \$50.00 from the nickles and dimes collected from offending campers. The fund was aided too, by several \$5.00 donations from Jack Wilson, Wally Carroll, Bruce Stephens and possibly others we don't know about.

Don & Marie Armstrong headed the staff of teachers as well as being Director and Registrar respectively; Michael & Mary Ann Herman taught Folk Dances of Many Lands; Ralph Page, instructed us in contras; Shorty & Marie led us in singing; Betty McDermid edited the daily paper; Fred Kelly was general right hand man at every activity; Tommy Thompson, Dave Stry, and Ray Kennedy ran the Swap Sessions immediately following the afternoon classes.

Getting away from camp was a reluctant departure from four days of fellowship with new and old friends, dancing new and old figures, and singing new and old songs, but the road finally cleared of dust, leaving

George & Catherine Fishback, owners of the ranch, and Mom Smith with cabins to clean and towels to find and a few limp balloons swaying in the breeze at the dance hall. In years to come we may forget some of the steps to the dances, but the fun of learning them, the friends we made, the happy times, the silly giggles, and the sweet solemn thoughts we shared will be a part of us always.

TONEE'S CRAFT SHOP

MEG. ON

TONY'S PULL TOYS
(non-poisonous paint)

JUVENILE FURNITURE

MORRIS SWORDS & STICKS

Write for catalogue - Tony Selisky

547 Marlboro St. Keene, N.H.





NEW HAMPSHIRE

FOLK DANCE CAMP

It was the afternoon of September 5th and Ralph and Ada Page were waiting on the dock at Merriewood to welcome the arrivals to the 1956 New Hampshire Folk Dance Camp. A bright sun made the waters of Highland Lake sparkle silently in response to the occasional call of a songbird in the far distance; it was a quiet peaceful moment, and it was the last such moment for several days, for, as the silence was shattered by the growl of a 22-horse outboard ~~plowing~~ a path across the lake from the landing on the Stoddard side, the influx of campers and dancers began.

It was precisely at this point that the path of time itself seemed to buckle and break, like the surface of the water parted by the boatload of eager campers. For there is something about this camp - its spirit, its situation of aloofness that gives the participant a sense of release from the everyday world --- a feeling of hiatus, of being in a different dimension, if only for a little while.

The result, as one looks back after the camp is over, is kaleidoscopic rather than coherent; bits and

pieces, sparkling fragments of time and events, these stick in the memory, rather than the recollection of a connected sequence of events.

There was so much to do; so many old friends to greet, and new friends to make; well-loved melodies to dance to; and new tunes and figures to learn from a first rate group of teachers and leaders.

The staff included a number of familiar faces, folks who have become associated with camp over the years: Abe Kanegson from New York City, who brought a long not only his guitar but also his amazing artistic talents and facility for inspiring people to try - and to do - things that they'd never thought themselves capable of; Don Armstrong from Florida, with his infectious grin and great store of square dances that are fun and easy, yet interesting to do; Richard Castner, presently from Indiana University, with his strong right arm for pulling outboard motor starting ropes, and ability to keep things moving smoothly; and of course the Pages themselves, without whom a camp at Merriewood would be unthinkable. Hattie Baron was there, the camp's owner, and a charming lady with only one serious foible: a fondness for the crazy folk who are the dancers and singers.

New to the staff this year were Mary Frances and Bill Bunning from Colorado, experts in leather craft and silversmithing, respectively, who added a great deal to the camp program by offering all an opportunity to engage in creative craft work - not only leather and silver, but also enameling, braiding, design painting on boxes and plates etc. They occupied the former dance hall and were as happy as clams in high water with such ample space to lead their classes. Talk about a bee-hive of industry! The room was practically jumping all of the time and since you had but to walk through a door to enter the dance hall there was a constant stream of traffic to and fro of campers wearing a smile from ear to ear. New also was Hugh Thurston from Bristol, England, who taught a number of dances that he had collected in Germany, including the popu-

lär-Schlessiche Ecossaise and the delightful Kanon - walzer.

Familiar to those who were at the camp held in Peterboro last fall was Jeannie R.B. Carmichael, from Cambridge, the leader of the Boston Branch of the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society. She soon had the campers doing pas de Basque and strathspey steps like veterans. Edith Thompson from California, while not new to the camp, as anyone at the 1954 session will recall, was new to the staff this year, and a welcome addition indeed.

The kitchen crew, those unheralded geniuses who, chameleon-like, changed their nationalities with each meal, included Hattie's own chef, James, supplemented by Dennis Evans, Faith Mattison, John Murphy and Angie Taylor from Boston, and Patty Cain and Edna Priest of New Hampshire. And were those meals ever scrumptious?

Take thses, add the fellowship and imagination of 80-odd campers, a measure of music, and a generous dose of dances, flavor with a liberal supply of exotic foods, an echo of songs around a blazing fireplace, and the tang of autumnal weather, and you have a heady



brew indeed! It's no wonder that we remember the camp in kaleidoscopic terms - gems of memory. Gems which include such things as John MacDougall, face chalky and kilt awry, as the ghost of Merriebloode Castle - Pop Stahl's mock trial and his consequent sentence of the loss of a year of his life, marked by a huge birth-

day cake - the abundant and never-ending supply of milk, for which Ralph's camps are famous - Olga Meyers quiet helpfulness in washing dishes and cleaning up, whether she was asked to or not - the refreshing situation wherein the sexes were very nearly equally divided, something that doesn't always happen at a dance camp - the Greek honeycake and the Norwegian skinksteg (fresh ham steak) which were only two of the delicacies which came from the kitchen - Millie Oliva's sumptuous wardrobe - the kidding which Rich Castner took about his beard, and the amazing number of impro-



visatory verses concerning it that were made up at one of the evening folk sings to the tune of "Life on the Ocean Wave" - Patty Cain's smiling presence, her straw berry blonde pony-tail and the atmosphere she created with her accordion music - little Kitty Meyrich and the way she stopped the show as "Sickly Chartreuse", in the skit that took off from Snow White and ended up in the further reaches of the realm of nonsense - the hillbilly band, complete with liquor still, at Fridays lunch - the whippoorwill that began calling promptly at nine o'clock every evening - the cold weather of the last two nights in camp which forced a number of the less hardy souls to haul in some extra mattresses and bed down before the fireplace in the dining hall - Hugh Thurston's amazing dexterity and lightness in dancing the Highland Fling - Faith Mattison's wide selection of books for sale, brought from her bookshop at Harvard Square - the auction, managed by Ralph, which brought in over \$100.00 for the scholarship fund that will eventually bring some dancer from Japan to this country - the men madly waving palm fronds over their heads during the course of an Israeli harvest festival dance - the ninepin square that Ralph called at another evening party that had everybody in near hysterics - including himself - the interesting ses-

sions with Ralph and with Ann Furness, as they recounted their adventures in the Far East - the smorgasbord upon which we all feasted at the last meal, Sunday night - the hectic hurly-burly of leave taking on Monday morning, the tenth, with the promises to keep in touch and meet again next year - the hauntingly sweet and tender going away song "Will Ye No Come Back Again" - all these and many more such gems of recollection are what will remain to constitute the legacy of as fine a camp as New Hampshire has yet seen.



I WENT TO

'EM ALL

by LOUISE WINSTON

Summertime is dance camp time with an increasingly tempting array of camps to choose from. So many wonderful camp experiences are now available that no one can hope to take in all of them, and only a few of us fanatics even attempt it. Here is a report on the ones we attended this summer in case you missed any of them.

The season started for dancers from the Boston area with the third annual square dance week-end led by Charlie Baldwin & Dick Doyle at the YMCA camp on Sandy Island in Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H. This was held the week-end of June 15-17 which turned out to be the hottest week-end of an otherwise cool and comfortable dancing summer. However, with the big lake handy for frequent dips, the heat proved no deterrent to the high spirits of these always friendly dancers. In addition to the squares and rounds presented by Charlie



and Dick, an innovation was the introduction by your correspondent of a few folk dances to the group, the majority of whom were unfamiliar with this form of the dance. Jagermarsch, Alfelder, Doudlebska Polka and the Kegel Quadrille all met with approval and left the dancers clamoring for more.

The following week-end the Boston Center of the Country Dance Society held its 14th annual week-end at Long Pond, in Plymouth, Mass. The ideal surroundings and accommodations at this camp, with its lovely open-air dance pavilions among the pines, provide the best out-door dancing we've experienced. The staff this year included Director Louise Chapin, Genevieve Shimer, and Bob Hider teaching the English country, morris and sword dancing, and Abe Kanegson the American square and contra dances and folk songs. This week-end gets better and better each year, til it's hard to imagine how it can be improved.

July 20-23 saw the third annual Scottish dance week-end of the Boston Chapter of the Scottish Country Dance Society, with the locale again Long Pond. Only the sun was missing from this ever-improving week-end, and weather means nothing when Scottish dance enthusiasts assemble. It's heartening to see what a tremendous improvement there has been in the dancing ability of the average dancer at this week-end since it began in 1954. Much of the credit for this must go to the inspired leadership of the Scottish dance movement in this country and Canada by Jeannie Carmichael and other teachers, whose insistence on high standards of dancing was vindicated at this week-end. Jeannie, by the way, is the only teacher of Scottish dancing in North America who holds a certificate from the summer school of the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society, St Andrews, Scotland, and is therefore accredited by them to teach their dances in America. They must be proud of the wonderful job she has done in this field! The staff at this camp included Jeannie Carmichael and Al Smith from Boston; Jean Tufts, Exeter, N.H.; David Huxley, Washington, D.C.; Mrs McEab, Vancouver, B.C.; and Hugh Thurston, Bristol, England.

On a trip to Buffalo, N.Y. in late July, we had intended to do no dancing, but of course such resolu-



tions never last long and we're very glad they didn't, for we stumbled upon two of the finest dancing groups we've visited in some time. The first was the Friday night folk dance group sponsored by the International Institute and led, on the evening of our visit, by Charlie Francisco, although we understand other leaders also take their turn at the teaching. Folk dance campers seem to be a wide-spread fraternity, for in this group, in a strange city, we found six old friends we'd met at one camp or another, and this fact plus the familiar dances we found them doing made us feel right at home.

The group included both experts and beginners, but the spirit of friendliness and helpfulness made all feel welcome and at ease. The evening ended with Art Schrader leading his last folk-sing for the group before leaving to take up a teaching position in New Rochelle, N.Y.

The next night we traveled south of Buffalo to Boston Hills - and it was away out in the hills on a country road that we thought would never end - to a lovely cabin owned by the Boston Hills Conservation Society, where Harry Martin was doing an outstanding job of presenting square dancing to another mixed group of beginners and experts, teen-agers and adults, all having a wonderful time together. We'd never heard of Harry, but since that night he stands very high up on our list of callers, and we certainly hope to see him at a dance camp or two next summer. We've met very few with a finer command of all phases of a caller's job. Guy Crump, old-time fiddler of the area, headed an orchestra that would be difficult to surpass in fiddle tunes, singing calls, and the fox-trots and

waltzes so commonly found in New York state alternating with the squares. We got an extra kick out of it when Guy would lay down his fiddle in the midst of a dance to beat out the tune on a xylophone. He's good!

August saw another trip to Long Pond, this time for the last week of the National Country Dance Society's annual camp. This week included both a dance and a folk music section, with each group sharing part of its program with the other. This provided an exceptionally rich and rewarding program for both. Those of us in the music section found ourselves alternating between music sessions of various types led by Director John Langstaff, Frank Warner, Erich Leiber and Gloria Berchielli, and dance periods instructed by Director May Gadd, Bob Hider, and Joan Schmidt in English folk dancing and Dick Forscher in American squares, with a bonus in the arrival of Jean Ritchie and Oscar Brand on the final day. Jean, originally scheduled to be on the staff, had been felled by the mumps, but her presentation on this last day, of the lovely Kentucky mountain songs of her family and others she had collected in the British Isles, made a perfect climax to the memorable week.

Perhaps the best of all the dance camps we visited this summer - although each is so different from the others that it's really impossible to compare them was Ralph Page's camp at Merriewoods in Stoddard, N.H. However, since we do occasionally have to work for a living, we could get there for only part of the camp, so we'll leave its description to someone (how we envy him) who was there for the whole camp.

Needless to say, all these camps and other dance experiences combined to make an ideal summer vacation, and after having had similar dance camp vacations for the past six years, we wouldn't want any other kind!



REPORT FROM THE CAPE

by DICK ANDERSON

Square dance activities during October continue the same as throughout September, although at this writing there are still some groups that have not been contacted. Plans for a beginner class on the Cape are still not complete but there will be one of some nature later in the month.

Fred Bunker continues with his couple dance class at the Clubhouse, Yarmouthport, starting Monday night October 8th. The first few lessons will include basics and then continue with currently popular couple dances. All who attended last year's sessions need no urging to return with Fred and Georgie's expert teaching and good fellowship.

The "Youth Night" program will continue every Monday night at Lyceum Hall, Yarmouthport, starting dates for which will be announced later.

Dick Anderson will continue as caller at Coonamesett Inn every Tuesday night through the winter beginning Tuesday, October 16th. Dick will also be the club caller for the Hyannis Allemanders every Wednesday night with the exception of every third Wednesday when a substitute caller will be present.

The town of Barnstable Recreation Commission will continue their Friday night classes for children starting October 26th with Dick Anderson teaching. Location will be announced later.



Dick Anderson continues his regular monthly trips to Virginia beginning October 17th at Warrenton, October 18th, Bon Air, October 19th, Ashland, October 20th Capitol Squares, Richmond.

An association of clubs in the Richmond area will sponsor their first Fall Festival at the Arena, Richmond, Va. November 3rd, with Dick Anderson as the featured caller, assisted by the following local callers: Des Gourley, Frank Parker, Bill Detterman, Pat Paterick, Lou Hildebrand, Pappy Heir, Tom Heron, Art Eiser, Harry Schoeneman, and Adelaide Eberely. An afternoon workshop and evening program will be conducted along with special exhibition groups from the surrounding area.

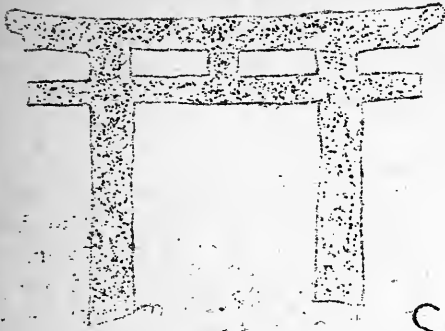
The CCSAFDA will hold their regular monthly dance at the Maritime Academy Bldg. Hyannis, with Bob Burges calling, Thursday, November 8th.

The Chowder Club continues its regular Tuesday night dances at Community Hall, West Dennis, with Don Heath calling October 23rd and Wilbur Grindell, October 30th. No dance Tuesday, November 6th, which is election day.

The Hyannis Allemanders have combined their beginner class with the regular club dance every Wednesday night at the Maritime Academy Bldg. Hyannis, with Dick Anderson calling.

The Chatham Twirlers start their season with Jay Schofield calling November 3rd at the Chatham Community Bldg. and continue their schedule of every first & third Saturday with Dick Anderson calling December 1st & 15th. Plans are being considered for another beginner class by the Chatham Chamber of Commerce.

November 8th, Dick Anderson will be with the Contra Club of Montpelier, Vt. and is happy to announce a return engagement with the Hampden, Mass. club on November 10th. That is, if the Bailey Bridge does not offer any difficulty.



Japanese American Scholarship Fund

During the 21-city folk dance tour of Japan we all were so inspired that when Michael Herman received his royalty check from the record companies he donated it to the National Recreation Association of Japan, thus initiating the setting up of a scholarship fund to bring Japanese folk dancers to the United States to study folk dancing at many camps and schools. Ralph Page too, donated to the same fund, the money he received from making contra records for Victor.

We need your cooperation to spread word about this project. First of all here are the names of the committee in this country: Jane Barwell, Nelda Lindsay, Mary Ann Herman, Michael Herman, Ralph Page and Earle Buckley - who is with the National Committee YMCA in Tokyo is also one of the committee and will be our liason between the American and Japanese Committees. Ted Mauntz has been appointed treasurer with Mary Ann Herman as his assistant. All donations may be sent to either in care of FOLK DANCE HOUSE, Box 201, Flushing, N.Y. To this original committee has been added: Dave Rosenberg of Washington, D.C.; Ted Sannella of Boston; Walter Grothe of California; and Don Armstrong of Florida. Funds will be deposited in a Savings Bank to accumalate interest during the drive.

If you are an editor of the many folk and square dance

magazines, please feel free to quote from this page, and in so doing, won't you put in a good word about the American-Japanese Scholarship Fund.

If you are a leader of a folk or square dance group, perhaps you may want to share this report with your fellow dancers via your bulletin board, as well as aid in the drive for funds for this scholarship fund.

A very beautiful scrap book with an exquisite Japanese cover was given to the Hermans by the Asahi Press as a farewell gift on their departure from Japan. This book has been donated to the fund by the Hermans and all those who donate \$2.00 or more may inscribe their name on the pages of this book. Those making donations by mail should write their full name and address in ink on a white sheet of paper, if possible all in one line and it will be pasted into the book. At the end of the drive the book will become a permanent exhibition at the National Recreation Association of Japan.

To date the following funds have been received and deposited:

Proceeds from Maine Folk Dance Camp	\$284.00
" " Oglebay, West Va. Camp including	
\$15.00 from Miami Valley, Ohio, Folk Dancers	73.25
Florida Fellowship Camp	31.28

At the Florida Camp the following individuals made donations:

Clayton Eckels \$2.50; Myrtle Zopf \$2.50; Wally Carroll \$5.00; Bruce Stephens \$5.00; Dottie & Jack Wilson \$5.00; Elizabeth Boyer \$2.00; Martha Oelsner \$5.00; Ridley & Agnes Pearson \$2.00

29.00

At Folk Dance House to date:

Sidney Gottlieb, Vienna, Va. \$2.00
 Nellie Katilus, NYC, \$2.00
 George Bass, West New York, N.J. \$2.00
 David Babcock, Brainard, N.Y. \$2.00
 Milton Rosenblitt, NYC. \$2.00
 David Forman, NYC. \$2.00
 Nelda Lindsay, Texas. \$5.00

Mary Gillette, Cincinnati, Ohio, \$5.00
 Gladys Woodin, New Paltz, N.Y. \$ 5.00
 Esther Wachs, Clifton, N.J. \$2.00
 Lilian Coles, Long Island, \$2.00
 Murray Sherman, NYC. \$5.00
 The Hermans, NYC. \$10.00
 Folk Dance House, penny, nickel, & dime collections
 counted on August 27, 1956 \$5.04

Total collected to September 9, 1956 \$468.57

To this add: collected at N.H. Camp 122.42

Also, from Tuttle Bookshop, Rutland, Vt &
 Tokyo, Japan \$10.00

Making a grand total to date of \$600.99

That is a wonderful start, but let's not stop there.
 Please send your contributions to any of the committee
 members named above. My address is 182 Pearl St. Keene
 N.H. I'll see that it reaches the proper hands.

RALPH PAGE



AMERICAN SQUARES

The Magazine
 of American
 Folk Dancing

* New Calls * Old Calls *
 Record Reviews * Book Re-
 views * National News *
 Dances * Complete Informa-
 tion for caller & dancer.

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THE ROUNDUP

FOLK DANCE
 INFORMATION
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 OF MINNESOTA

NEWS OF MINNESOTA AND
 SURROUNDING TERRITORY

\$2.00 per year

Box 4006 University Sta
 Minneapolis, Minnesota

SQUARE DANCE

LADY ROUND THE LADY



Any introduction you like that uses 16 measures of music:

Couple 1 - Out to the right and -----

Lady round the lady, the gent walk round the gent
 The Gent for round the lady, lady round the gent
 Half right & left six, go right across the set
 Leading couple to the middle and lead on to the next;
 Where it's lady round the lady, gent go round the gent
 Gent go round the lady and the lady round the gent
 Half lady's chain then swing the one you've got
 Swing her in the center and you take her to the last
 And it's lady round the lady, gent around the gent
 Gent go round the lady, lady round the gent
 Half right and left six, til you all get home again
 Swing your partner once or twice and listen to the call

Use a break figure for 16 measures of music

Then repeat figure for other couples in turn - then:

The two head couples to the right and ----

The ladies round the lady; gents go round the gent
The gents around the lady; the ladies round the gent
All right and left eight across the set and back

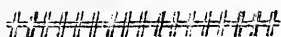
When you're all back home again you swing your partners
all.

Take your lady with you and promenade the hall.

Repeat for two side couples

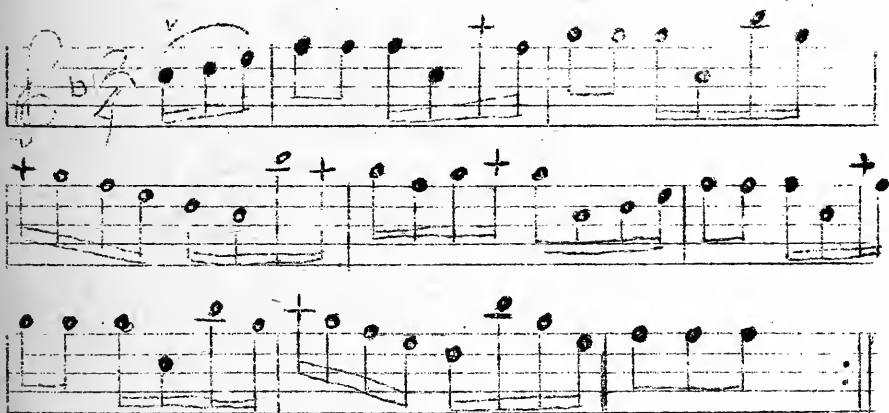
Use any ending figure you wish and end dance ----

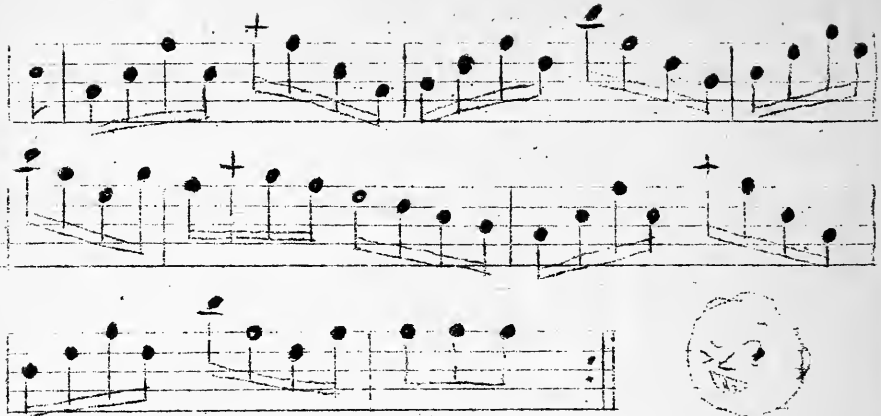
All join hands and circle left, circle once around
You all are going wrong so back the other way
Bcw to your partners one and all
And that's the end of the call.



CONTRA DANCE

Constitution Hornpipe

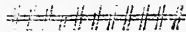




The Dance

Couples 1,4,7, etc. active
 Cross over before starting dance.

Forward six and back
 Circle six hands half around
 The foot two ladies chain (in each group of three)
 Same two couples half promenade
 Half right and left to place
 All forward six and back
 Circle six hands half around (to left) to place



Reputaion is character minus what you've been caught
 doing.

The fellow who rocks the boat is usually not the one
 at the oars.

He who laughs last probably had intended telling the
 story himself.

The person who is always up in the air and harping on
 something isn't necessarily an angel.

A girl's character is known by what she laughs at.

FOLK DANCE

DOUDLEBSKA POLKA

A

B

C

Doudlebska Polka

- Czech-Slovak -

A - All do plain polka around the room

B - Man puts right arm around lady's waist, she places left hand on man's right shoulder, so they side by side. In this position, man extends his left hand forward to place it on the shoulder of the man ahead of him. Move in to center of the circle to close it up. Form as many circles as you wish. While doing this figure, everybody should sing the tune "Tra la, la, lala, la, la, la" etc.

Figure B takes 32 walking steps to complete:

C - Men all face center of their own particular ring & clap out this rhythm: Clap own hands twice, then extend both hands, palms outward toward men on each side and clap his hands once. Repeat this over and over to end of "C". Meanwhile the ladies turn to face the center and moving to their left will polka behind the circle of men, hands on hips. At the end of "C" men turn around and polka with nearest lady to start the dance all over again.

NOTES

It will usually turn out that you will not get your original partner to continue the dance; and it usually turns out that there will be some lost souls who may be temporarily without a partner; this "lost & found" department should move toward the center of the room, and meet someone else in the same predicament.

If there are extra men or ladies, they may enter the dance during the clapping part for the men, and ladies may join the dance as the girls polka around the outside of the circles; then the ones who are left without partner merely wait a few seconds and join in as noted above.

When the group is very large, several circles may be made, in which case it is perfectly proper for the ladies to steal into another circle. The polka together in this case is done anywhere around the room.

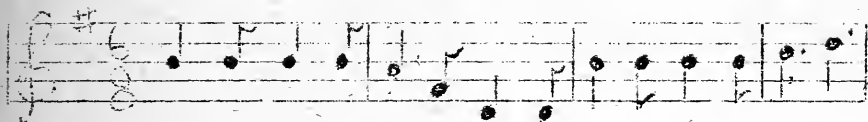
SPECIAL NOTE: Unless the group sings in "C" the dance is not nearly as much fun. It doesn't have to be good! Just make it loud!!

FOLK DANCER has brought out a wonderful record for the dance - MH 3916.

We learned this dance at Maine Folk Dance Camp 1955 & have seen it sweep the country since then.

FOLK SONG

I' SE THE B'Y THAT BUILDS THE BOAT



Chorus.



I'se the b'y that builds the boat
 And I'se the b'y that sails her!
 I'se the b'y that catches the fish
 And takes 'em home to Lizer.

Chorus: Hip yer partner, Sally Tibboo
 Hip yer partner, Sally Brown.
 Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbor,
 All around the circle.

Sods and rinds to cover yer flake,
 Cake and tea for supper,
 Codfish in the spring o' the year
 Fried in maggoty butter.

I don't want your maggoty fish,
 That's no good for winter;
 I could buy as good as that
 Down in Bonavista.

Chorus

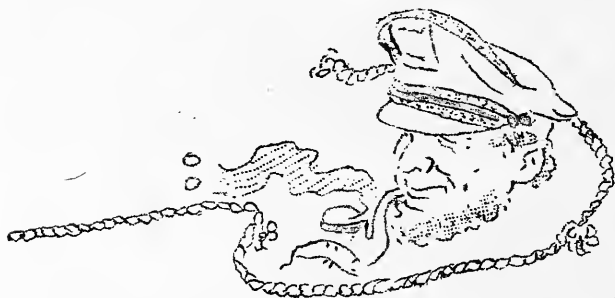
I took Lizer to a dance,
 And faith, but she could travel!
 And every step that she did take
 Was up to her knees in gravel.

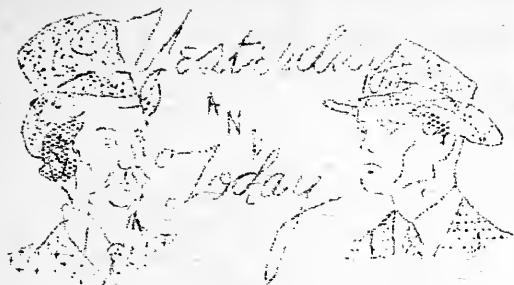
Chorus

Susan White, she's out of sight,
 Her petticoat wants a border;
 Old Sam Oliver, in the dark,
 He kissed her in the corner.

This is Newfoundland song, and we first heard it sung in the summer of 1955 by Maurice Hennegar at Pairs 'n Squares Dance Camp, Geneva Park, Ontario. It's lilt - ing melody caught everyones' fancy, and soon the entire camp was humming the tune. Maurice explained to us that the names: "Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbor" were names of small islands off the coast of Newfoundland. This past summer while teaching at Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia, we heard the song many times. Everyone seemed to know it.

We were told that the air is a favorite tune of Newfoundland square dancers, and that no doubt explains the words of the chorus, nonsensical as they may be.





OLD TIMES IN

NEW ENGLAND

Our old New England speech is fast disappearing and unless captured on tape by some researcher of the past, will, a few years hence be a lost art. For art it was and still remains to a few hale and hearty oldsters. Only in northern New England lies there hope for its survival; nowhere else is the rhythmic speech so generally preserved. The old colloquialisms persist though; it is the soft, flowing manner of saying them that is losing ground.

These old sayings are upon our tongues many times a day, sometimes without our realizing it. Here are a few of the sayings we use amongst ourselves:

- "He belongs to the rowen crop" (Children of later life)
- "This storm hangs on like the old lady's cheese."
- "Brag's a good dog, but Holdfast's a better."
- "Every mother thinks her goose is a swan."
- "A hard day's work makes a soft bed."
- "She was saucy enough to physic a hornbug."
- "The goose hangs high."
- "They're all tarred with the same brush."
- "That's the fly in the ointment."
- "Don't build a bigger fire than you can tend."
- "It's the fifth wheel that makes the most noise."

"He prayed like a horse kickin'."
 "Oh, spruce up and be somebody."
 "Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth."
 "A hard row to hoe."
 "Knee-high to a grasshopper."
 "He'll never amount to a hill of beans."
 "He's come to the end of his tether."
 "It's enough to make a hired man take to his bed."
 "As uneasy as a horse knittin'."
 "He's feathered his nest well."
 "Might's well be killed for a sheep as a lamb."
 "He's bit off more than he can chew."
 "Goin' round Robin Hood's barn all his life."
 "When rum's in, wit's out."
 "Couldn't make the first payment on a T.D. pipe."
 "Always run round his elbow to get to his thumb."
 "Got off on the wrong foot."
 "He's come out the little end of the horn."
 "Every crow thinks her young's the blackest."



And there were plenty of other sayings far more complimentary in nature:

"Money makes the mare go."
 "He knowed what side his bread was buttered on."
 "Bright as a button."
 "He could turn his hand to most anything."
 "He's never lagged in the breechin'."

And only yesterday we heard these:

"The devil take the hindmost."
 "'Tain't worth a Tinker's damn."
 "He's got to have his finger in the pie."
 "There's nothing surer than death and taxes."
 "An inch makes a big difference on the end of a mans nose."
 "The folks from off (Callers from a distance)."
 "Looked like the last run of shad."
 "Ain't seen him in a month of Sundays."
 "Don't know whether he's a-foot or horseback."
 "Knocked galley west by the news."
 "He's as deaf as a haddock."



And here's some reserved for special occasions:

"He's smaller 'n the little end of nothin' - whittled."
 "The pot calls the kettle black."
 "His eyes are bigger than his stomach."
 "He's made his bed, let him lay in it."
 "It's a wise child that knows his own father."
 "As plain as the nose on your face."
 "Let him stew in his own juice."
 "Tend to your own knittin'."
 "She looked all ways for Sunday."
 "On the ragged edge of nothing."
 "He was knocked into a cocked hat."



..oo0oo..

In the early days of Marlboro, N.H. there lived a man by name of Squire Sweetser, keeper of connect of the taverns in the town. On the occasion of a town meeting there was great difficulty in choosing a representative to the General Court.

Phineas Farrar, having represented them for some years it was deemed advisable by some to choose someone else "for a change". Arguments waxed strong and silver tongued orators had themselves a field-day.

Being a good friend of Mr Farrar, the good Squire felt duty-bound to use his influence to send him again to the General Court. He rose, and getting the floor from the Moderator he said: "Mr Moderator and Gentlemen, let me give you a few words of advice. If you want a man to represent you in the General Court, send Squire Farrar, for he has been there so many times, he knows the way and the steps to be taken. If you wish to send a man to Canada, send Joseph Front; he has sons living there and would like to visit them. But if you wish to send a man to hell, send Hezekiah Hodgskins - for he will have to go sometime, and it is time he was there now."

..oo0oo..

All of our New Hampshire towns at some time or

other have undergone an era of religious zeal. Nottingham was one. Much religious interest was aroused here by the early preachers and their followers who had a horror of salaried ministers of the "standing order" and boasted that they proclaimed the gospel without payment of any kind. These good men, however, had to eat, and having no money threw themselves upon the hospitality of generous sympathizers.

One of these was a widow in no way affluent. Often two or three of these itinerant preachers, when meetings were held in town, would call at her door, and none were ever turned away hungry.

In the neighborhood there lived a man considered a "mite odd." Gifted with good mental faculties and religiously inclined, he was always to be seen at the meetings. However, he had watched the preachers visit the widow and became extremely anxious concerning the quantities of food they consumed; food that he believed she could not afford to squander thus.

One day he noted two of these preachers enter her house, so donning his Sunday-go-to-meeting suit and assuming the air of a minister he too knocked at the door and was ushered into the presence of the "brethren" who cordially welcomed him, and engaged him in earnest religious conversation, giving the widow no opportunity to explain his queerness to the others.

Soon dinner was announced, and the intruder took his place at the table along with the preachers, who had been greatly pleased with the course of their conversation together, and invited him to say grace. This was his moment, and his face shone with an unearthly light, as he bowed his head reverently and prayed thus:

O Lord of love, Look from above
With eyes as sharp as sickles,
And cut the throats of these black coats
That eat the widow's vittles.

Amen.

A common expression to caution children who are misbehaving is "to straighten out."

Due to New England's unpredictable weather, our farmers used to say "Never look up while haying."

"Pod auger lawyer" - one who is behind the times.

"As unhandy as a hoop skirt."

"Poorer than Job's turkey."

"As awkward as Job's off ex."

"As contrary as a hog on ice."

"Slower than cold molasses in wintertime."

"As busy as a man on the town."

"He enjoys poor health."

"Had no more use for it than for water in his boot."



..ooOoo..

And these two abstracted from "Vermont Whittlin's" a publication of the Vermont Folklore Society:

"On leaving Isle La Motte, one crosses a drawbridge which, until recently, has been a tollbridge. One of the tollkeepers of 30 years ago wore earrings. A passenger once inquired: "Are you a Mexican?"

"No, why?"

"Because you are wearing earrings."

"Well," retorted the irate tollkeeper, "I suppose if I wore a ring in my nose, you'd ask me if I was a Jersey bull, wouldn't you?"

Two lawyers, crossing a ferry in company with an Irish boy, when the conversation between the lawyers turned upon a certain case in court. The lad not fully understanding the matter asked one of them "What case?" The lawyer replied, "A case between the Devil and the Irish nation, and which do you think will win the case?" "I do not rightly know," said the boy, "the Irish have the most money, but the Devil has the most lawyers."



THE TOWN CRIER



MARRIED: June Spongberg & Dirk Spruyt, Sunday, August 26 in Friends Meeting House, Cambridge, Mass.

MARRIED: Julia MERRILL & Henry Jackson, Jr. Tuesday, June 26, in Reno, Nevada.

MARRIED: June Nelson & Don Miller, Saturday, June 30, in Anabel Taylor Chapel, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

BORN: June 18, a daughter Gemma Sarah to Mr & Mrs Walter Robinson, Newton, Mass.

BORN: September 7, a daughter Joanna to Mr & Mrs Cornell Taylor, Wayland, Mass.

BORN: July 19, a daughter, Rebecca Grace to Mr & Mrs Roger Pinard, Barnstead Parade, N.H.

Murray Sherman announces the opening of his 11th season of Folk Dance Classes at Washington Irving High School, Irving Place & East 16th St. N.Y.C. The group meets every Saturday at 8 p.m.

The Country Dance Society, Boston Branch, Inc. are happy to announce the following weekly classes: English, Wednesdays, beginning October 3rd, at Charles Street Meeting House, 6:15-7:15. Country; Morris, 1st & 3rd Wednesdays, Intermediate 7:15-8:15; 2nd & 4th Wednesdays, Detailed Instruction; 8:15-9:30, Elementary Country,

9:30-10:00 advanced. Also, Square Dance Drop In Evenings at the Union Boat Club 144 Chestnut St. Thursdays 8-10, and a special Hallowee'n Party, October 25th at the Boat Club featuring a full evening of squares, contras, couples and novelties. You won't want to miss their English Country Dance Party, Saturday, Oct. 27th at Emerson College, Berkeley & Beacon Sts.

On Saturday, October 27th the 6th season of Saturday night dances will open at the Unitarian Parish House, 6 Eliot St. Jamaica Plain, Mass. Held on the 2nd & 4th Saturdays, October through May, these dances are called by Louise Winston, and include squares, contras & easy folk dances, and end with a half hours' folk sing. The folk dance class at the Boston YMCA with Louise Winston instructing, opened its second season on Wednesday, October 3. The class meets weekly 7:00-8:30 ...

Coming soon to this country are the Yugoslav Kolo Dancers in a program called "Slavonic Rhapsody", a terrific program - don't miss it. Dick Crum says that this group is composed of the finest kolo dancers in all of Yugoslavia.

Friends of Will Holt, folk singer, who attended several of the early Maine Folk Dance Camps, will be glad to note that next spring Emily Frankel, Mark Ryder, and Will Holt will make eighty appearances in a program called "Ballet and Ballads."

Write to Ed Durlacher's Square Dance Association, Dept. DM, Freeport, N.Y. and obtain a copy of his catalog of records especially suited for beginner and children's dance groups.

And speaking of catalogs, we received a very interesting one through the mails recently from William F. Hellmer, Box 193, Oneida, N.Y. Better send for it if you are at all interested in folk songs & folk music...

Adult Education Programs in two New Hampshire towns are this year sponsoring classes for beginner and advanced square dances. Exeter's class is under the direction of Arthur Tufts, Jr; and Keene's is led by Ralph Page:

If you live in the neighborhood of Salem, Mass. why don't you drop in at the Parish Hall of the First Unitarian Church the last Saturday night of every month,

and enjoy an evening's dancing with Joe Perkins?
 The Community Folk Dancers of Hartford, Conn. hold
 classes and parties every Wednesday night at 36 Jeffer-
 son St. This is an adult recreation group - no pre-
 vious experience necessary, with Bob Sacks, NYC the
 leader and instructor of the group.
 Wonder how many of our readers caught the TV program
 "Wide Wide World" a few Sundays ago? That was the day
 when the Gaelic Athletic Association, the Boston Gael-
 ic Society and the Kevin Barry Pipers combined efforts
 to bring a bit of old Ireland to the entire country. -
 It was a job well done, and every Gael in South Boston
 walked with a definite lilt and swagger for days after
 ward.
 Jean Tufts, Exeter, N.H. has opened a costume shop for
 the costume-conscious folk dancer. Jean says she has a
 lot of imported Swiss items - hats, belts, kerchiefs,
 lederhosen and costumes. - on hand right now. Also some
 peasant braid for those who like to do their own sew-
 ing. Drop in at the Tufts homestead any time and enjoy
 a visit as well as purchasing something useful.

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